



Aleppo Temple

Ancient Arabic Order Nobles
.. of the Mystic Shrine ..

"E s Selamu Aleikum"

ATTENTION, NOBLES OF ALEPPO! HEARKEN TO THE MUEZZIN'S CALL!

N the eighteenth day of the eleventh month Duh'l Kaada, 1329, corresponding to **FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1911**, this Temple will hold a **CEREMONIAL SESSION** in Mechanics Hall, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass., at six o'clock P.M.



HEARKEN YE!



THE Illustrious Potentate and his retinue will arrive promptly as the hour glass has piled up sand to the mystic hour. Take heed that you are present, that your salaam may mingle with the faithful. Remember your Fez — wear your dress suit if convenient, but you will be just as welcome even though you have nothing nearer evening dress than a pleasant disposition. It is our purpose to make our November Ceremonial one of the largest in our history, not only large in numbers, but large in conception.

New attractions have been provided. Our Chanters have been re-inforced in numbers and expanded in volume; the Oriental Orchestra of brass (all brass) will discourse the unknown melodies. The traditionally slow and somewhat tedious journey will be rapid and eventful; no delays, no respite until the Caravan sights the Domed Tekes of the Sacred City peering through the glimmering Eastern rays, and then only that the salaams of the unregenerate may mingle for the first time with those of the Chosen.

The Candidates Will Assemble at the West Newton Street Entrance at 6 o'clock Sharp



ADVICE TO NOVICES, A LA MEDIA



UPON second thought we have no advice to give you. The fact that you have realized your benighted condition and have determined to become enlightened is sufficient proof of your perspicacity to make biguous superfluity for us to elucidate. If you should start your pilgrimage loaded with the best advice of the most seasoned Arab, it would be as naught, for like chaff before the typhoon it would scatter before the first blast of scorching winds that blow upon you from the desert; the first step upon the blistering sands; the dazzling, blinding rays of the noonday sun beating upon your bare head and aching eyes; then the one and only thing that you will remember is, that if you only had a chance at that moment you would make Cook & Peary look like amateurs in polar discoveries. For 'tis there, my son, you will be called upon to "show us" some stunts; to prove your mettle is worthy our steel. For a little preliminary practice you might try to stretch a wet sheepskin over the earth and watch the wool into bow-wows; climb a rainbow backwards; pull the fangs of a rattlesnake with your fingers; swim the Atlantic Ocean before breakfast; carry a bedrock full of buckshot; wade in molten lead up to your knees; take a bath in tabasco; whip your weight in wildcats and flit with a buzzaw turning a couple of millions of revolutions a minute. If the inspectors mark your performance in each one of these trials 100 per cent you will probably last through the first section of the Ceremonial and we will be able to identify the remains after the second section.

MANLY unfeigned people imagine that the Shrine encourages departure from the teachings of Masonry, and would be greatly surprised to learn that its lessons are wholly in the direction of true courtesy, generosity, hospitality and good fellowship, and that its mission is to spread sunshine in dark places. It has its jolly times — and who does not like whole-souled fun? — but fun within reasonable bounds is the rule. The Shriner who imagines that Ceremonial gives him special license to drag the good name of a Mason into the dust, is woefully out of touch with the modern spirit of the Shrine.

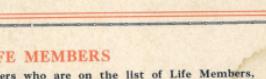
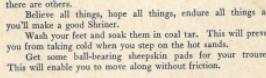
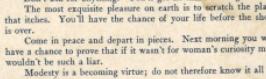
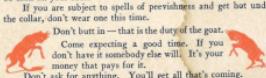
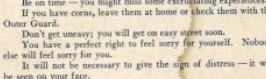
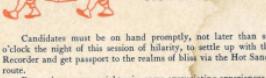
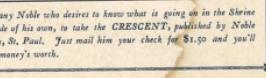
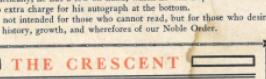
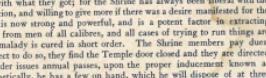
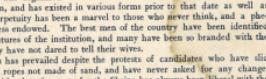
SHRINE HISTORY

IT seems appropriate at this time that a brief review should be made of the history of the Shrine, that the uniformed may learn something of the birth and growth of the Order.

The Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine was organized — knows when, and has existed in various forms prior to that date as well as subsequently. Its perpetuity has been a marvel to those who never thought, and a phenomenon to the world. The best men of the country have been identified with the various features of the institution, and many have been so branded by the ceremonies that they have not dared to tell their wives.

The institution has prevailed despite the efforts of candidates who have slid into the ranks of the malady, and have never asked for any change, but were satisfied with what they got; for the Shrine has always been liberal with the ceremonies of initiation, and willing to give more if that was wanted. The Order is now among the most powerful and is a power factor in attacking cancerous disease among men in all walks of life, and in cases of trying to run things treated so that the malady is cured in short order. The Shrine members pay dues, and when they neglect to do so, they find the Temple doors closed, and they are directed hence. The Recorder is the only man in the entire organization who can sign the books, usually he has a few on hand, which he will dispose of at three dollars per, with no extra charge for his autograph at the bottom.

This sketch is not intended for those who cannot read, but for those who desire a knowledge of the history, growth, and whereabouts of our Noble Order.



HOLD ON TO THE ROPE

My friend, when I gaze in your anxious face
And see the sweat drop down your brow
I know you are in the coming race
It is set for your feet in the coming race

When they start you down the slope
With all your heart and soul, up the mountain high,
And the terrible dangers ever nigh
I hold on — Hold on — Hold on — Hold on —

Hold on — Hold on to the rope.

Well I remember the fatal day
When I played the game you are going to play
And my broken body was borne away
To be part of the ground where I lay

And I still remember the scorching heat
Of the blistering sands on my naked feet

And the terrible dangers ever nigh
I hold on — Hold on — Hold on — Hold on —

Hold on — Hold on to the rope.

I see again in the gathering night,
By the lurid glow of a Hell-born light,
Empress' crew in their mad, wild flight
All in a tangle, all in a tangle, all in a tangle

I feel in my face their fiery breath
And pray for the blessed death

With the last gloom still ethereal.
"Hold on" — Hold on to the rope.

Loud in my ear is a dying yell,
I see a tempted soul that fell,
And sank to the boundless depths of Hell,
And in her heart a hollow despair.

And in my heart is a sickening fear,
And I hear the call of Death near,

The call of Death that I know is near,
But I hold on to the rope.

Enough of this retrospective view.
Though troubles to burn are in store for you,

Hold on and don't move.

Don't think you are ever a fool or a cruel fate.

Your trust is in Allah, Good and Great,

'But hold' Hold on to the rope."

Crescent.

WE EXPECT THIS PRINCE OF SHRINERS TO BE WITH US AT THIS SESSION



JOHN FRANK TREAT, Imperial Potentate



POINTERS FOR NOVICES

Candidates must be on hand promptly, not later than six o'clock the night of this session of hilarity, to settle up with the Recorder and get passport to the realms of bliss via the Hot Sands route.

Be on time — you might miss some exhilarating experiences.

If you have chores, leave them at home or check them with the Recorder.

Don't get uneasy; you will get on easy street soon.

You have a perfect right to feel sorry for yourself. Nobody else will be sorry for you.

It will not be necessary to give the sign of distress — it will be on your face.

If you are subject to spells of puerility and get lost under the collar, don't wear out this time.

Don't burst at — that is the duty of the goat.

Conceal your good times. If you don't have somebody else will. It's your money that pays for it.

Don't ask for anything. You'll get all that's coming.

The most exquisite pleasure on earth is to scratch the place that itches. You'll have the chance of life before the show is over.

Come in peace and depart in pieces. Next morning you will have a chance to prove that if it wasn't for woman's curiosity man would be the last.

Moderacy is a becoming virtue; do not therefore know it all — there are others.

Believe in things, hope all things, endure all things and you'll make a good Shriner.

Wash your feet and soak them in coal tar. This will prevent you from taking cold when you step on the hot sands.

Get some ball-bearing sunshin pads for your trousers.

This will enable you to move along without friction.

PARTICULAR AND IMPORTANT!

This Notice being sent to you in a roll, the bills for dues for 1912, usually forwarded with the Notice of the November Session, cannot be enclosed. It is therefore sent in a separate sealed envelope.

TO NOBLES WHO HAVE CHANGED THEIR ADDRESS

Prompt notice of the same should be forwarded to the Recorder.

NOTICE TO LIFE MEMBERS

To those members who are on the list of Life Members, the card for 1912 is also sent under separate cover; and if it is not promptly delivered, notify the Recorder.

ATTEST:

John Frank Treat

Yours in the Faith,

Recorder.

Chas A. Estey
Potentate.